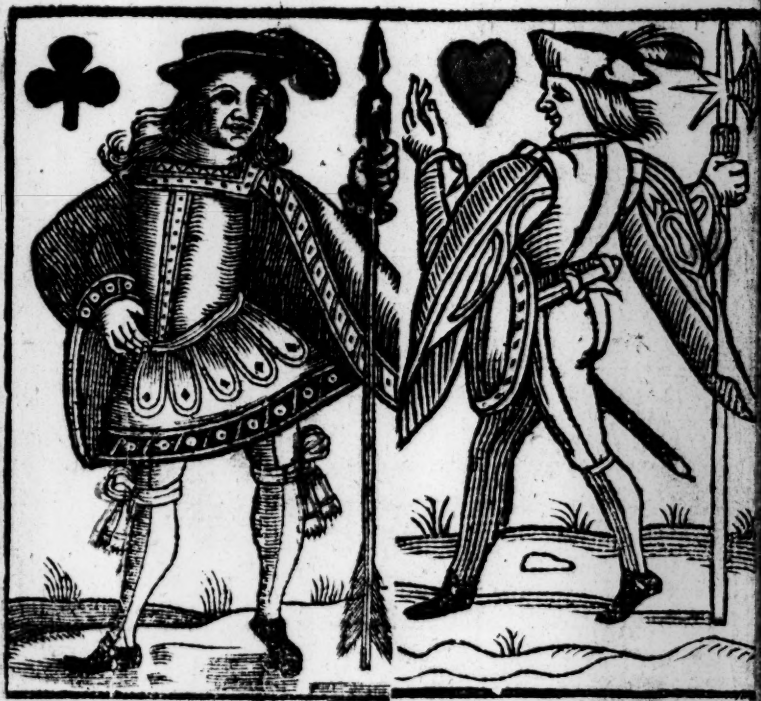


THE <sup>2</sup>  
KNAVE OF <sup>3</sup>  
Clubbs.

Tis merry when Knaues meete.



Printed at London by E. A. dwelling nere Christ. Church. 1611

THE  
KNAVE OF

Clubs

THE KNAVE OF CLUBS



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# To Fustis, Knaue of Clubbs.

---

FVith the humours of a knaue,  
To thee I dedicate;  
Which hath bin christned knaue of Clubbs,  
By Gentle-men of late.  
For thy notorious swaggering life,  
Thou liu'st about the towne,  
And Fleet-street fraies, when Prentices  
With Clubbs did knocke thee downe:  
Thy tricks, and feates, thou hast at cards,  
To cut vpon a Knaue,  
That let a man drawe where he will,  
Thy picture he shall haue.  
Thy baunting of the Dicing-house,  
To cheate a liuing there,  
The Panders profit out of Whores  
For whom thou't fight and sweare.  
Thy bould and brasen fac'd exploit,

To Fustis Knaue of Clubbs.

In want, some Coine to get,  
At Bedlam bowling-alley late,  
Where Cittizens did bet:  
And threw their money on the ground,  
To which thou didst incline,  
And taking vp an angell, swore  
By God this game is mine.  
While they vpon each other looke,  
Not knowing what to say:  
Clubs calls (come sirha) to his man,  
And goes with Coine away.  
These and a thousand villanies,  
Which now I will omit,  
Hath got thee placed Captaine heere,  
Because thou merrits it.  
March in the forefront of my Booke,  
And say I vse thee kinde:  
A crew of mad-men knaues, and fooles,  
Thy fellows, come behinde.

S.R.



# A Whoremonger.

**A**N ancient wooer matcht himselfe for gold,  
 Vnto a widdow foure-score winters old,  
 Whose wholesome mony did beget good will:  
 She brought him bags, & husband help'd to fill,  
 As arrant misers as the earth containes,  
 Which with their moyling care, and pefflant paines  
 Had scraped thousands: yet enen such they were,  
 As *Isis* Asses which loads of gold did beare,  
 And was himselfe an obiect toyling beast,  
 Burdned with that which he inioyed least.  
 This golden Grandham lou'd a cup of Sack,  
 Which her kind husband would not see her lack:  
 But willingly a nights would make her drunke,  
 Because indeed he kept a seruant puncke,  
 Who when the mistres had it in the hed,  
 Would come and creepe into her maisters bed.  
 This held out long, vntill one night, kinde Ione  
 Hearing her maister cough, and mistris grone,  
 Prepared her selfe (the cough was still his call)  
 To tell the naked truth, she stript off all.

And

And coming like a wench of willing sprite,  
To doe her maisters busines in the night,  
Such tumbling in the bed (belike) did keepe,  
She wak'd her quiet mistris out of sleepe.  
Who was by this recovered in the braine,  
And gotten sober by her sleepe againe.  
Perceiuing plainly how the matter went,  
And why the kindnes of the Sack was ment,  
Starts vp, and cries, ah whore am I your bawd?  
Out wicked knaue, and with her nailes beclawd  
Them cruelly, that Wench and maister black,  
Then with her feete she sprun'd them out of bed.  
The violence of that same furious fall,  
Threw them both downe, with chamber pot & all.  
So that the scratching, wash'd with filthy smell,  
Did kill the itch like whipping in Bride-well.

---

### *A Pander*

---

**A** Country blew-coate Seruing-man,  
In Tearme-time sent to towne;  
Would range the Citty for some newes  
To carry with him downe.

At length he got into Moore-fields,  
 Viewing the walkes and trees :  
 And thence to garden-Alley goes,  
 Where at a dore he sees,  
 A Puncke prepar'd for passengers,  
 Set out for bawdy sale,  
 Who smiling, said, kinde gentle-man,  
 Bestowe some bottle-ale  
 Vpon me, if you loue a wench,  
 Whome you shall ready finde,  
 To counteruaile your curtesie,  
 In what you will, most kinde.  
 Some Bottle-Ale (quoth he) where ist?  
 Hast any nere at hand?  
 Yes sir (said she) I pray' come in,  
 Thus she was seruing-mand.  
 He sits him downe into a Chayre,  
 And to his liquor falles;  
 While she vnto her maides for Cakes,  
 Stew'd Prunes, and Pippins calles.  
 Which being brought them, downe she sits  
 And as they both imbrace;  
 A swaggering Rogue breaks open dore,  
 And's Rapier did vncase.  
 Villaine (quoth he) and damned whore,  
 Before the Lord you dye,

B

For

For this deflowring of my wife.  
 What hast thou to reply?  
 Sir said the clowne you doe my wrong,  
 Vpon me thus to raile,  
 as I came by, she cald' me in,  
 To drinke some Bottle-ale,  
 and by this bread I touch'd no more  
 But onely hand, and lip:  
 No (said the Ruffian) speake you whore,  
 and looke thou doost not trip,  
 Else had you thousand liues you die,  
 She falling downe with speede,  
 Cri'd out, deere husband pardon me,  
 We haue bin nought indeede.  
 Sirrah what say you now (quoth he)  
 She hath confest it plaine?  
 Villaine thou diest: oh holde (saies he)  
 Heare me one worde againe,  
 Five pounds is all the coyne I haue,  
 That will I freely giue,  
 Heere take it sir with all my heart,  
 So you will let me liue.  
 Fine pound (quoth he) doost thinke he sell  
 My reputation so?  
 Five hundred will not satisfie,  
 My wife was chaste (I know).

Before thou broughtst her vnto this.  
 Speake, didst offend before?  
 Neuer kinde husband (quoth the whore)  
 Nor nere will wrong you more.  
 Well, huswife well, your teares preuaile  
 Ioynd with a faithfull vow,  
 Giue me fise pound, and for this time  
 Ile pocket all vp now.  
 You seeme an honest simple man,  
 Refraine to tempt mens wiues:  
 The onely cause I let you liue,  
 Is to amend your liues.

---

*A Sharke.*

---

**T**Wo hungry Sharkes did trauaile Pauls,  
 Vntill their guts cride out,  
 and knew not how with both their wits  
 To bring one meale about.  
 Sayes one to tother, what quoine hast?  
 My famisht entralls groanes:  
 I finde but hungry dyet here,  
 amongst these rotten bones.

He did reply, faith not a Crosse  
 To blesse me in this case,  
 I must goe seeke to mend my selfe,  
 In some more wholsome place.  
 And I but one poore peny haue,  
 In all the world is mine:  
 (quoth tother) but Ile trie my wits  
 How that can make me dine.  
 So towards Smith field he departs,  
 Vnto a Cookes thetoby,  
 And calleth for a can of Beere,  
 The boy comes presently,  
 And brings it him: Sir said the youth,  
 Wil't please you eate a bit?  
 Ile fetch a daintie slice of beefe  
 Is hot vpon the spit.  
 Sirra (quoth he) why doe and t'woot,  
 VVhich nimble lacke did bring:  
 And he as nimblely eat it vp,  
 Yet still his guts did wring.  
 Iacke sees all gone, saies, Gentleman  
 VVil't please you tast good Cheefe?  
 I boy and t'woot (quoth he againe)  
 Thought Sharke this well agrees  
 VVith my most wofull stomackes state,  
 So Iacke with Cheefe comes in, And

And that was soone deuowred vp,  
 Euen as the Beefe had bin.  
 being thus dispatcht, he layes downe **lack**  
 A peny for the shot :  
 Sir what shall this doe said the boy?  
 VVhy rogue discharge my pot :  
 So much I cald for, but the rest  
 by me shall nere be paid,  
 For victualls thou didst offer me,  
 Doe and thou woot I said.  
 lack seeing he no more would pay,  
 Vnto his maister went,  
 And told him there was one within,  
 That had much victualls spent,  
 And would not see the house discharged :  
 The Cooke vnto him goes,  
 Requesting him of curreisie,  
 To pay the debt he owes.  
 Sir said the swaggerer, I protest,  
 I cald but for a can,  
 According to the coynel had,  
 As I am Gentle-man,  
 My hunger was exceeding great,  
 Your boy did offer beefe,  
 And bread, and Cheefe, which when I heard  
 Vnto my stomackes grieft,

Quoth I, why bring it boy and t'wote  
 Leauing it to his will;  
 Which he did bring, as if he meant  
 My hungry corps to fill.  
 I could not chuse but feede thereon,  
 (This is the truth mine Hoast)  
 Yet score it vp, when God sends coyne  
 I will discharge your poast.  
 The cooke sees nothing to be had,  
 Lets him depart away:  
 Who after meetes his fellowe Sharke,  
 In Paules againe next day,  
 and tolde him how exceeding well,  
 He for his penny sped,  
 On roasted beefe, good bread and cheefe,  
 Onely for that he fed.  
 Prethy (quoth he) but tell my where?  
 That Hoast shall sure be mine,  
 Marry (saies he) in such a place,  
 a cooke at such a signe.  
 Goe there and call but for a can,  
 and ther's a dapper knaue;  
 Comes, gentleman, what dainty bit  
 For diet will you haue?  
 a stately peece of roasted beefe,  
 Fine cheefe, what will you eat?  
 Then



Then say you, sirrah *I and t'woot*,  
You neede not pay for's meat.  
Oh excellent (quoth he) Il'e goe,  
Such simple fooles to gull  
and spend a pot with all my heart,  
To fill my belly full.  
away he walkes vnto the house,  
To feed him on the iest,  
Sirrah (saies he) a Can of Beere,  
And looke you bring the best.  
The boy according to his vse,  
Returnes with nimble speede,  
Saying, gentleman i'ft your desire  
On fine roast beefe to feede?  
Fine beefe (quoth he) *I boy and t'woot*,  
The boy runs downe amaine:  
Cries Mr. come, bring Tom and George,  
Heere's *I and t'woot* againe.  
His maister brings vp both his men,  
In all the hast might bee:  
and *I and t'woot* be basted so,  
He had no eyes to see.  
They larded and begreas'd his bones,  
Vntill his shoulders sweat;  
and gaue him fower sawce good store,  
Vnto his fellowes meat.

*A Politique*

---

## *A Politique Theefe.*

---

A Mongst free-booters by the hye way side,  
Such as mens purses woefully misguide,  
Vnto some Inne the owner neuer ment,  
To be beyond a Lord-ships lowance spent,  
A Gentleman that could dispend by yeare,  
Fiuie hundred pounds (when purchase came in  
Whose liuing onely made him to repine, (cleere)  
Because the Hangman was to haue a fine,  
At *Burston-causie*, *Gads-hill*, and *Cooome-parke*,  
Had taken vp about some hundred-marke,  
With which to London he was forc'd to flye,  
And get him cleere of fearefull Hue and Crye.  
Meering with one iust of his owne dispose,  
With him he plottted to escape his foes,  
and tould him in what tearmes his case did stand,  
What extreame danger eminent at hand,  
But (saith he ) if thou wilt afforde consent,  
My policy their purpose shall preuent.  
I'll frame a bill that I am in thy debt,  
and to the same an *Ante-date* will set,

Thou

Thou shalt arrest me, I'le to prison goe,  
And they may search vntill their hearts take so,  
No man will looke for me in that same place,  
T'will be my castle for some three monthes space,  
While they search Tauerne, rife victuling-house  
There I secure will drinke a healths carouse.  
This was agreed vnto, the bill was made,  
Purse-taker was arrested, there he staide,  
Vntill no further danger did appeare,  
Then with his creditor the debt did cleere,  
And being discharg'd, they to a tauerne went,  
Quoth plotter, heer's an Angel to be spent  
Onely in kindnes prethy back restore,  
What I haue paid in iest, six angels more.  
The other wisht, God might his soule confound,  
If he paid backe a penny of that three pound,  
I sau'd thy life ( quoth he ) and will be paide,  
Although the plot thereof by thee was laide  
Th'effecting it by me thou didst obtaine,  
Nay, I haue ventred hanging for my paine,  
And dost thou thinke ten shillings spent in wine,  
Sufficient pay for this good turne of mine?  
My staying here in towne to pleasure thee,  
Is many a purse out of the way to me,  
Had bin mine owne as sure as this is plate:  
Drinke, no more words, a penny lle not bate.

Quoth tother, wilt not? and his poniard drew,  
Stabs at him, saying, villaine thou shalt rue  
This cheating of a better man then thou :  
Saies t'other, th'art an arrant theefe I vow,  
Drawing his dagger, wounding him againe.  
With that, house-guests prest in amaine,  
And vnderstanding how their quarrell grew,  
The robbery, and plot that did ensue,  
The falling out for challenging three bound,  
They present were for new-gate voyage pound,  
From thence vp Holborne-hill they were conuaid  
And so to Tiberne all their quarrell staid.

---

*A Cousening Knaue.*

---

**A** Shifting knaue about the towne,  
Did challenge wondrous skill  
To tell mens fortunes and good haps,  
He had the starrs at will.  
What day was best to trauaile on,  
Which, fit to chuse a wife,  
If violent, or naturall  
A man should end his life.

Successe of any sute in law,  
 Which parties cause preuailes :  
 When it is good to pick ones teeth,  
 And ill to pare his nailes.  
 So cunningly he plaid the knaue,  
 That he deluded many,  
 With shifting, base, and consening tricks,  
 For skill he had not any.  
 Amongst a crew of simple guls,  
 That plid'e him to their cost,  
 A Butcher comes and craues his help,  
 That had some cattell lost,  
 Ten groates he gaue him for his fee,  
 And he to coniure goes,  
 With Characters, and Vocables,  
 And diuers antique showes.  
 The Butcher in a beastly feare,  
 Expected spirits still,  
 And wished himselfe within his shop,  
 Some Sheepe or Calse to kill.  
 His colour changed red and pale,  
 The sweat ran downe his face,  
 And by the smell a man might iudge,  
 His hose in filthy case.  
 At length out of an od blinde hole,  
 Behinde a painted cloth,

A Deuill comes with roaring voyce,  
Seeming exceeding wroth,  
With squibs and crackers round about,  
Wilde-fier he did send,  
Which swaggring Ball the butchers dog  
So highly did offend,  
That he vpon the Deuill flies,  
And shakes his hornes so sore,  
Euen like an Oxe (most terrible)  
He made hobgoblin roare. (help  
The cunning man cries, for Gods loue  
Vnto your mastiffe call,  
Fight Dog, fight Deuill, (butcher said)  
And claps his hands at Ball.  
The Dog most cruelly tore his flesh,  
The Deuill went to wracke,  
And looked like a tattered rogue,  
With ne're a rag on's backe.  
Giue me my mony back againe,  
Thou slaue the (butcher said)  
Or I will see your Deuills heart,  
Before he can be laid:  
He gets not back againe to hell,  
Ere I my mony haue,  
And I will haue some intrest too,  
Besides mine owne I gaue.

Deliuier

Deliuier first mine owne ten groats,  
And then a crowne to boote :  
I smell your Devils knauery out,  
He wants a clouen foote.  
The Coniurer with all his heart,  
The mony backe repaies,  
And giues five shillings of his owne,  
To whome the butcher saies,  
Farewell most scuruy Coniurer,  
Thinke on my valiant deed, (George)  
Which haue done more then English  
That made the Dragon bleed :  
He and his Horse the story tells,  
Did but a Serpent slay :  
I and my Dog the Deuill spoild,  
We two haue got the day.

---

### *Brawling Contention.*

---

**T**Wo rayling creatures fell at strife,  
And such a clamour made,  
That people passing by, stood still,  
To hearken what they saide.

Amongst the rest a woman comes,  
Demanding of the rout :  
I pray (quoth she ) what is the cause,  
Of all this falling out?  
One presently made answer thus,  
You are a whore ( quoth he )  
Thou art an arrand scurvy knave,  
And rascall rogue (said she) or  
Why thus (quoth he ) these two fell out  
The quarrell that they haue,  
Began at first as we doe now,  
VVith calling whore and knave.

---

*Master make shift.*

---

**A** Needy Poet of a poore complexion,  
VVhose purse was sick of very long infection,  
That writ ( as beggers craue an almes ) for need  
Oft wanting meat when he would gladly feed  
(VVho when he trauaild to *Pernassus* hill,  
VVas much behoulding to *Tobacco* still.  
For how so'ere his chimney wanted fire,  
His nose was smoking to his hearts desire)

Comes



Comes to a Tauerne, where he vnderstood,  
A dinner was prepar'd exceeding good,  
For diuers Gentlemen, of which kinde crewe,  
Some halfe a dosen very friends he knewe:  
So bouldly did intrude into the place,  
VVith hungry stomack, and a brazen face,  
They welcome him, and kindly doe iatreat  
To doe as they doe, sit him downe and eat.  
VVhich wholesome word no repetition needes,  
For like a starueling, he falles to and feedes:  
Little discourse long time he could afford,  
But answeres true sir vnto euery word:  
Tis right forsooth, and so againe crammes in,  
As if a fortnight he had fasting bin:  
Plying his victuals thus an hower at least,  
Like vnto *Woolner* that same rauening beast,  
His pudding house at length began to swell,  
And he tooke leisure some strange lies to tell;  
And those he sweares vnto by cups of wine,  
(For now to liquor he doth whole incline)  
VVell, growing late they for a reckning call,  
And Vintners boy brings vp a bill of all,  
So euery man doth cast his mony downe,  
Tengroats, three shillings, other some a Crowne:  
VVhich all vpon a trencher was conuaid  
To Poet pennileffe, and him they praid

To

To make the shot: nay Gentlemen (quoth he)  
I doe intreat you all to pardon me,  
I'll spend my crowne, and put his hand in's hose,  
Where not a penny could be found God knowes,  
While still they sweare that he shall make the shot:  
At last the mony in his hands he got,  
And rising, to the fidlers turnes about,  
Come on (quoth he) what new thing is come out?  
Sure Gentleman (said they) we haue not any,  
Then sing me, *I could fancie louely Nanny,*  
(and here is for you, I'll burgoe and leake,  
Call for a pot, ther's not a rogue will speake)  
So takes his cloake and downe the staires away,  
With all the mony was laid downe to pay.  
The Gentlemen suspecting no such thing,  
Discourse together, and the fidlers sing,  
Vntill they misse their Poet ouer long,  
Who tooke his leaue most kindly with a Song,  
They knock, and call, and send to seeke below,  
But whats become of him there's none doth know  
Hee's gone to walke his dinner to digest,  
Of all the mony they laid downe posselt,  
Some fifty shillings he had gotten cleare,  
In curtesie for all the great good cheare.  
Now euery man must to his purse agame,  
In Vintners debt; and fidlers, they remaine.

Som

Some sweare, some swagger, others laugh thereat,  
 Wishing the reckning would make thin-gut fat,  
 A pox vpon this Poet one did curse,  
 He hath not left a penny in my purse:  
 Fiue shillings not a farthing more I had,  
 And thus be-guld, doth make me almost mad,  
 With all my heart I'le spend a crowne, or twaine,  
 To meete the rascall in my dish againe:  
 I would be-stab his skin like double cuts,  
 And garter vp his stockins with his guts,  
 Then downe the staires the villaine should be tost,  
 Like to a foot-ball in a winters frost.  
 Gentlemen saies another, silence now,  
 T'is but a folly to protest and vow,  
 Although plaine-dealing be a Jewell still,  
 We must vse double-dealing gainst our will,  
 And pay our shot againe was paid before,  
 For yet you see we stand vpon the score:  
 We are well seru'd if this be rightly scand,  
 To put our reckning into *Make-shifts* hand.  
 But laugh it out, least we be laught to scorne,  
 Good wits are worthy to haue charges borne.

---

A Gull.

---

**O**Ne wittily describ'd a Gull,  
 In different sort and kinde,  
 And to the life doth paint a Fop,  
 For eyes that are not blinde.  
 His first Gull feares a filken wench,  
 Her veluet gowne doth scare him,  
 Another weares a filuer hilt,  
 Yet euery boy will dare him.  
 Next commeth fashions *Jack-an-apes*,  
 A Gull compos'd of pride,  
 That hath his goodnes in good cloathes,  
 And nothing good beside.  
 And lastly he's a Gul of Guls,  
 That makes an outward seeming,  
 Yet hath not one poore ounce of wit,  
 That's worth wise mens esteeming.  
 But vnto these let's ad a Gull,  
 That's very late found out,  
 Will spend his liuing, land, and wealth,  
 To finde conclusions out.

Hee'l make you bread of pompion seeds,  
 Shall far excell all wheat,  
 And with a kinde of burning glasse,  
 In Sunne roast any meat.  
 Heele teach an ape to speake goodfrench,  
 Jack-claw to write and read,  
 And has a trick to vse a Cat,  
 That she shall Ferrets breed.  
 Yet these are all inferiour things,  
 To those his wit hath found,  
 Such secrets neuer were disclos'd,  
 Vpon this earthly ground,  
 For shortly he intends to flie,  
 One wing is almost made,  
 To put downe simple *Dedalus*,  
 He doth himselfe perswade.  
 But see how wise ingenious men,  
 Doe often ouerslip!  
 A craftier knaue then he (of late)  
 Had got him on the hip,  
 Which sould him a familiar flie  
 A Deuill in a box,  
 An artificiall flie of silke,  
 (a Deuill with a pox)  
 For this my Gull giues twenty pound,  
 Would I might sell him flies:

But he should learne besides forsooth,  
 To make a Deuill rise.  
 This was allowed to the match,  
 And he must fall to charme,  
 So both against the poynted day,  
 Themselues for spirits arme,  
 The Gull gets on a surplis,  
 With a crosse vpon his brest,  
 Like *Allen* playing *Faustus*,  
 In that manner was he drest.  
 And hauing all his furniture,  
 He steps into the ring,  
 Saies his instructor, stir not out,  
 I must goe fetch a thing  
 (I left below) I needs must haue,  
 So out of doores he hies,  
 Vnto an officer hard by,  
 Saying, sir in any wise  
 Come with all expedition,  
 And I will bring you to a place,  
 Where a most wicked creature is,  
 A wretch that wanteth grace,  
 Raising of Deuils, which you know,  
 The law doth straight forbid,  
 The action is so horrible,  
 I durst not keepe it hid.

The

The Officer in all the hast,  
Vnto the house repaires,  
And his director wils him goe,  
Directly vp the staires :  
Meane while, himselte slips cleane away,  
The Constable comes in :  
And in the Kings name chargeth him,  
To cease his hellish sin.  
Art thou a raising Deuils heere,  
I charge thee to obay me,  
Quoth Gull, if I should stir a foote,  
Ten thousand spirits would slay me,  
Keepe out my circle, come not neere,  
Say you faire warning haue,  
Depart before the Deuill come,  
Least hell be made thy graue.  
I'le raise the ghost of *Hercules*,  
Shall braine thee with his club,  
Doeft thou not see a smoake appeare?  
Why now comes *Belzebub*,  
I coniure thee be gone I say,  
Depart by *Fec, Fa, Fum*,  
Now *Rago, Crago*, is at hand,  
Looke where his hornes doe come!  
The officer imagining,  
He saw some thing arise,

Ran downe the staires halfe mad with feare  
And help, clubs, halberds, cries,  
So apprehended him presently,  
And carries him away,  
Vnto a Iustice, where the foole  
Had not a word to say,  
But onely that he ment no harme,  
And woul d a deuill see  
Why quoth the Magistrate, thou shalt,  
I'll send thee where they be,  
Incarnate Deuils, such as doe  
Assume a humaine shap:  
To newgate with him presently,  
For playing *Plutoes* ape.  
Where when he came, he found the knaue  
That taught him coniuration:  
Villaine (quoth he) base rogue and slaue,  
Is this your charming fashion?  
To cousten me of twenty pounds  
And bring me heere to hell?  
Kinde Gentleman (quoth he) forbear,  
I'll recompence you well,  
Of purpose I haue met you heere,  
Because you shall see art,  
To morrow by a spirits help,  
We both from hence will part,

Ran

D

And



And all things I haue promis'd you,  
Shall be perform'd at full,  
So next day got himselfe releas'd,  
And there leaues goodman Gull.

---

*A Cuckold.*

---

**A** Citty wanton full of pride and lust,  
Of Venus straine and disposition iust,  
(That could her husband on the fore-head strike,  
And make his brow to swell *Adon* like,  
Yet he poore seely man, ne' felt it smart,  
But tooke all kinde that came from his sweet hart)  
Had two choyse friends to sport herselfe with all,  
Two couseins, you may cuckold-makers call:  
The one a Capitaine and a martiall wight,  
Was Champion in his Mistris cause to fight,  
And for the seruice that he did by day,  
She did reward him with a nightly pay.  
The other was a Courtier, gallant, braue,  
That great content to her sweete person gaue:  
Her deere *Adonis* quick and pleasant witted;  
With these, the vertuous Cittizen was fitted.

To

To them she gaue kinde entertainment still,  
Hauing a maid sorted vnto her will,  
Which for her seruice she did much applaude,  
Being her Mistris crafty cunning bande,  
A trusty messenger from one to other,  
Who for her paines got mony, and the tother,  
They call good turne: which Bettis would not  
Because her seruice did deserue such fees. (leese  
The Courtier hauing one time vnderstood,  
By Cuckolds absence, how the time was good,  
To goe a grafting, hies him to the place,  
Where he might giue loues mistris loues embrace.  
While he was in his courtly complements:  
The maid comes in, and heauy newes presents,  
Saying the Captaine was a comming in,  
Which to the Courtier euer foe had bin,  
For they beare hatred of a iealous spite,  
And each had vowd where e're they met, to fight.  
Oh loue (quoth she) creepe vnderneath the bed,  
This is no fighting place, sweete hide thy head,  
For loue of Christ keepe you vnseene asunder,  
Well for this time (quoth he) I will creepe vnder,  
Because thy name in question shall not bee,  
Else would I die on him for loue of thee.  
So vp comes Captaine, and he fals to court,  
VVith speach besitting Mars and Venus sport,

Kinde

Kinde loue quoth he, now Vulcane is not heere,  
 I'le claime the rights besitting loue ( my deere )  
 Had I the Courtier here lou'd thee before,  
 While we were busie, he should keepe the dore,  
 Or I would make incission in his guts,  
 And carue his carcasfe full of wounds and cuts.  
 With that, the maide againe comes vp the staires,  
 Crying deere mistress now begins our cares,  
 My maister's comming, what shift will you make?  
 Now hould out wit, tis for our credits sake :  
 Captaine ( quoth she ) to rid all doubt and feare,  
 Vnto my counsaile lend a willing eare,  
 Put but in practise what I shall deuise,  
 And on my life no preiudice will rise,  
 Drawe out your weapon, & goe swearing downe,  
 Looke terrible ( I neede not teach you frowne )  
 And vow you'le be reueng'd some other time,  
 And then leaue me, to make the reason rime.  
 I will saies he, so downe the staires he goes,  
 with rapier drawne, such fearefull looks he shoves  
 The Cuckold trembles to behould the sight,  
 And vp he comes as he had met some spright,  
 Ah ( wife said he ) what creature did I meete?  
 Hath he done any harme to thee my sweete?  
 A verier Ruffian I did neuer see,  
 The sight of him almost distracted me.

My louing husband, as I heere fate sowing,  
 Thinking no harme or any euill knowing,  
 A Gentleman comes vp the staires amaine,  
 Crying, oh helpe me or I shall be flaine:  
 I of compassion husband (lite is deere)  
 Vnder your bed in pittie hid him heere,  
 His foe sought for him with his Rapier drawne:  
 While I with teares did wash this peece of Lawne  
 But when he saw he could not finde him out,  
 (after he tossed all my things about)  
 He went downe swaggering euen as you met him,  
 My sauing the poore man so much did fret him.  
 A blessed deede (quoth he) it prooues thee wise,  
 A las the Gentleman vneasie lies,  
 Wife call him forth, I hope all danger's past,  
 Good *Bettris* looke that all the doores be fast.  
 Sir you are welcome to my house I vow,  
 I ioy it is your sanctuary now,  
 And count my selfe most happy in the thing,  
 That such good fortune did you heather bring.  
 Sir (said the Courtier) hearty thanks I giue,  
 I will requite your kindnes if I liue,  
 But know not how to gratifie your wife  
 For this great fauour, sauing of my life:  
 Yet Gentlewoman this assurance take,  
 Some satisfaction I in part will make,

If not in whole; accept a willing minde,  
That vowes to honour all your sex and kinde:  
More louing far in heart then men you be,  
Extending your affections bounteous, free,  
Most affable and pittifull by nature,  
The worlds euen supream all excelling creature,  
Fond men vniustly doe abuse your names,  
With slanderous speeches and most false defames,  
They lye, and raile, and enuies poyson spit,  
But those are mad-men that doe offer it,  
They that inioy their wit and perfect sence,  
Will hate the hart should breed a thoughts offence  
Accounting it a womans greater honor,  
To haue a senceles foole exclaime vpon her,  
Farewell my lifes protector, health attend thee,  
With what I haue I euer will befriend thee.

---

Signieur *Worde-monger*, the ape  
of Eloquence.

---

**A** Son the way I Itenerated,  
A Rural person I Obuiated,  
Interrogating times Transitation,  
And of the passage *Demonstration*,

E 2

My

My apprehension did *Ingenious* scan,  
That he was meerely a *Simplitian*:  
So when I saw he was *Extrauagant*,  
Vnto the obscure vulgar *Consonant*:  
I bad him vanish most *Promiscuously*,  
And not *Contaminate* my company.

---

*Graft coulens Conetuousnes.*

---

**A** Greedy minded gripple Clearke,  
Had gathered store of gould,  
And studied for a place secure,  
His hoorded heape to hould,  
At length into an antient Tombe,  
He put an yron chest,  
Cram'd full of coyne, and wrote thereon,  
These words, *Hic Deus est.*  
A subtile Sexton seing it,  
And greedy of the prey,  
Came very secret in the night,  
And tooke the gould away.  
Then blotting out these latine words,  
The Priest had writ thereon,  
Wrote *Resurrexit non est hic.*  
Your God is risen and gon.

*A Comards*

---

*A Cowards bolde cha'lenge, that was  
beaten with a Broom-staffe.*

---

**W**Hereas of late thou did'st prouoke mine ire,  
To burne in choler like mount *AETnas* fire,  
Rowling my courage forth of valours den,  
To fight with monsters, and to combat men,  
Know I am for thee; from the cannon-shot  
Vnto the smallest bodkin can be got.  
Name any weapon what-so-ere thou wilt,  
May-pole, or ship-mast, for to run a tilt,  
On horse or foot, in armor or in shirt,  
Thou shalt finde me true valorous, expert;  
Pike-staffe and Pistoll, Musket, two hand sword,  
Or any weapon Europe can afford,  
Let Falchion, Polax, Launce, or Halbert try,  
With Flemings-kniues either to steake or inye,  
I'll meete thee naked to the very skin,  
And stab with Pen-kniues *Cesars* wounds therein.  
At length, this Gull that seem'd of tongue so tall,  
Was with his aduersarie met withall:  
Whose blowes the champions fury did allay,  
And with a stick, his Rapier tooke away.

---

*The Devils health-drinker.*

---

**W**Ho dares dispraise Tobacco,  
While the smoke is in my nose?  
Or say but fogg my pipe doth smell?  
I would I knew but those  
Durst offer such indignity,  
To that which I prefer,  
For all the brood of Black-a-moores  
Will sweare I doe not er,  
In taking this most worthy whiffe,  
What valiant Caualeire,  
That will not make his nostrils smoke,  
At cups of wine and beere?  
When as my purse cannot affoord,  
My stomack flesh or fish,  
I sup with smoke and feede as well,  
And fat as one can wish.  
Come into any company,  
Though not a crosse you haue,  
Yet offer them Tobacco,  
And their liquor you shall haue,

They



They say olde Hospitalitie,  
 Kept chimneies smoaking still,  
 Now what your chimnies want of that,  
 Our smoaking noses will.  
 Much victuals serue for gluttony,  
 To fatten men like swine,  
 But he's a frugall man indeed,  
 That with a leafe can dine.  
 And needs no napkin for his hands,  
 His fingers ends to wipe,  
 But keepe his kitchin in a box  
 And roast meat in a pipe.  
 This is the way to help deare yeares,  
 A meale a day's enough,  
 Take out Tobacco for the rest,  
 By pipe or else by snuffe,  
 And you shall finde it phisicall,  
 A corpulent fat man,  
 Within a yeare will shrinke so small,  
 That one his guts might span,  
 Tis full of phisick, rare effects  
 It worketh sundry waies, (dust  
 The leafe greene, drie, steeped, burned, the  
 Haue each their speciall praise,  
 It makes some sober that are drunke,  
 Some drunke of sober sence,

And

And all the moysture hurts the braine,  
It fetcheth smoaking thence.  
All the foure Elements vnite,  
When you Tobacco take,  
For Earth, and water, Aire and Fire,  
Doe a coniunction make,  
Your pipe is Earth, the fires therein  
The Ayre your breathing smoke,  
Good liquor must be present too,  
For feare you chance to choke.  
Heere Gentlemen a health t'ye all,  
T'is passing good and strong,  
I would speake more, but from the pipe  
I can not stay so long.

At Gads-hill late (where men are theeuish-croft)  
An honest friend his purse with ten pounds lost,  
And as the villaines were new gone away,  
Three horsemen came, to whome the man did say  
Oh Gentlemen most happy all you be,  
To scape two theeues, euen now haue robbed me,  
T'was great good fortune that till now you staid,  
Nay friend (qd. they) thou art deceiued they said  
The theeues were happy as the matter stands:  
For by our stay they haue escaped our hands.

Hipo-

**H**ypocrisie (thou lying knaue) well met,  
I haue thee Rascall in my paper net,  
Thou that wilt sell saluation for a shilling,  
And entertaine thine owne damnation willing,  
Thou goest about with many a lie and fable,  
To get thy diet at anothers table.  
Yet louest no man, be he small or great,  
Thy loue extends no farther then his meat:  
But villaine, take this guerdon for thy hyer,  
Be first of all approou'd a common lyor,  
Then for each time thy cursed tongue hath tript,  
Be thou from great mens houses soundly whipt.  
And last of all when God and men detest thee,  
A Hempen halter with a nooze molest thee.

---

*A Shee-Deuill made tame by*  
a Smith.

---

**A** Smug of *Pulcans* forging trade,  
Besmoak'd with Sea-cole-fire,  
The racst man to helpe a horse,  
That Carmen could desire,  
For any lade he phisick had,  
That euer load did drawe:

The appoplexy, falling euill,  
The head-ach, crampe or haw,  
Poll euill, canker in the eye,  
Or vlcer in the nose:  
The lampasse, crest-fall, withiers griete,  
The nauill-gall, all those,  
With diuerse tedious to rehearse,  
Crowne-scab, and quitter-bone,  
Strangulion, glanders, yellowes,  
Smug would giue ground to none:  
Yet this rare Smith to cure one plague,  
That vext him was too young,  
(Which made him weary of his life)  
It was his wifes curst tongue.  
If to the ale-house he had gon,  
To take or giue a pot,  
Being of a dry complexion,  
(For a Smith you know is hot)  
His wife was present at his heeles,  
And rong him out this peale:  
Rogue, Rascall, villaine, theefe, and slaue  
(Her almes thus would she deale):  
Come home thou drunkard to thy worke,  
Each knaue hath thee at beck,  
A pox take such a husband,  
And the deuill breake his neck.

Thou

Thou fitteſt at the ale-houſe heere,  
While I at home doe ſpare:  
Not caring (ſo thy guts be full)  
How thy poore wife doth fare.  
Thy ſeruants doe euen what they liſt,  
Thy children they may ſtarue,  
Hanging's to good for ſuch a rogue,  
Farre worſe thou doeſt deſerue.  
Out filthy beaſt I loath thy lookes,  
And hate thee like a toad:  
Drunke e'ry day vngodly wretch,  
And when thou haſt thy load,  
Call for Tobacco, that thou art  
As blacke within as foote?  
Before the Lord, wer't not for ſhame,  
I'de ſtampe thee vnder-foote.  
Get thee to worke: out villaine out,  
Thou drinkſt not one drop more,  
I would theſe whores that truſt ſuch knaues,  
Might ne're be paid their ſcore.  
They neuer knew what ſorrow meant,  
But griefes to others giue,  
A miſcheiſe light on Hoſteſſes,  
That doe by drunkrds liue.  
This was her daily kindeſt phraſe,  
From morning vntill night,

That Smug would tremble like a leafe,  
When ſhe appear'd in ſight.  
At length more wearied with her tongue  
Then trauaile tires a lade,  
Vnto himſelfe moſt reſolute,  
A cruell vow he made.  
Which was, when ſhe did ſcound againe  
(Which ſure would be next morrow)  
To knock her downe moſt valiantly,  
And make an end of ſorrow.  
This being decreed, his wife next day  
Begins a freſh allarme,  
With rogue, and theefe: Smug takes a  
Of yron, breakes her arme. (barre  
The neighbours all admire at this,  
To heare the patient Smith,  
Had broke an arme of his curſt wife,  
To tame her tongue therewith.  
Well, there's a Surgeon fetcht in haſt,  
To take the queane in cure;  
VVho for the ſpace of many monthes  
Did extreame paine indure,  
For of all fleſh, a ſhrowes they ſay,  
Is very hard to heale:  
Therefore no wiſe man willingly  
VVill haue therewith to deale.

But

But cur'd at length (though long before)  
And like to cost her life,  
The Smith did aske the Surgeon,  
In the hearing of his wife,  
What would content him for his paines?  
Who of an honest minde,  
Did answere thus; I see y'are poore,  
Therefore I'll vse you kinde.  
I'll take but forty shillings friend,  
With that I'll be content:  
Why then qd. Smug, should heer's foure  
Which paiment thus is meant: (pound  
One arme I pay for hath beene broke,  
And tother forty, should  
Against I breake the other arme,  
The next time she doth scould.  
His wife sees this, and sees him pay  
Before hand for a cure,  
Doth liue most gently, quiet, meeke,  
Guiding her tongue so sure,  
That Smug became a happy Smith,  
Vnto his hearts desire,  
And had her euer at commaund,  
In all he could require.

The

**T**He knaue of *Clubs* his part hath plaid,  
But now wee want *Hart*, *Diamond*, *Spade*,  
To shew themselues like in true shape,  
The reason why they doe escape  
Is this: ot late they fell at iarre  
Disperst asunder very farre,  
*Harts*, in the Country at new-cut,  
Aud *Spades*, in new-gate safe is shut,  
And *Diamonds*, he is gon to seas,  
Sick of the scuruy: which disease  
It he escape, and get on shore,  
We will present you with all foure,  
And make them march vnto the presse,  
To vtter all their roguishnes,  
So till they be together drawne,  
Pray keepe the knaue of *Clubs* in pawne.

FINIS.





